

of the South, and Archbishop Hughes petitioned to the  
the request of the Catholic church in Mexico and  
and follow after the South; Catholicism will perish in  
and; and Catholics will be known in the empire only  
and peasants!!

low in Europe a rival with Mrs. Stowe, and with Parson  
now in America, is not a little remarkable; and could  
most of Father Ryder survive in his presence, he would  
back from it agast and conscience-stricken, as did  
his before that of the murdered Barqo. Neverthe-  
less the dread spectre would point to every gaping wound  
body of the church, and to the degradation of her

by her sons, in bitterness and anguish, through their  
rich, proclaiming to this aspiring prelate, "in re-  
sponse as those of vivid thunder, "Thou dost die!" Thou  
murder the church, thy mother! Thou dost slay  
disciples, thy brothers! Thou dost sell in bondage  
children who is up to thee as to a father!"  
the extraordinary conduct of the Archbishop has  
unusually

low to his low vocates—Bercher, Seward, Parson  
 Stowe and Mrs. Stowe—trusting he may find the latter  
 site so bleer-eyed as her Disguerotypes represent  
 and as amiable and tender as his a dour desires.  
 PYTHON.  
 r Oxford, Miss. Nov. 27, 1862.  
 Let Us Feel Kindly Towards Each Other

...weaken us. Our united efforts, heart and soul, strong pull, a strong pull, and a pull altogether," are necessary to insure the safety of the ship. If we are always satisfied that the best means have been used, the best results accomplished that were possible, let

eat; and hope for better success next time. Let us  
bands in a mutual and common struggle for com-  
safety. Union of heart and union of effort, unity  
pose and action are necessary to our safety now.  
can discuss comparative merit and demerit after  
we free.

of each other, as a people, and as States and nations. We seem to have no friends out of our two halves! Our late co-States are exerting all their power for destruction. Those who have been our allies, members of one body, with a common history,

implacable and cruel foes. Foreign nations look  
y on, and witness our suffering and calamities and  
salute as to our future success, or defeat. We live  
lies abroad. In the world—on this planet, we  
alone, pledged to each other by interest and affec-  
Together we survive, or together we perish.—

on the field of carnage and death. The Louisi-  
sian and Virginian, the Missourian and Mississippi-  
an, the Texan and Tennessean, the Arkansian and  
Mississippian, the Alabamian and Kentuckian, have com-  
pleted their blood on the gory field, and sleep together  
in the soldier's last resting place! Let us pledge to

Let the border States and Gulf States, West-States and Atlantic States, be dear to each other. There must be some Western States; there must also be some border States; let it be enough that they are all Confederate States—Southern States, States of the South.

Missouri is under a cloud now; so is Kentucky; so is Virginia; so may be Texas, Arkansas and Tennessee. A usurped government, erected and supported by the sword, assumes to govern Missouri. Such a government assumes to govern Western Virginia. A military governor has been named for Arkansas; another

ns over New Orleans, and officials are being select-  
Texas and Florida. But our government is and  
be an integrity of sovereign members; no member  
be considered as anything separate from the life  
ne whole. We suffer together—we must reze to-  
er. We find a string in our breast that others, to-

Maryland, as true and good as old Virginia, only fortunate in her surrounding. We have no shadow of doubt as to the Southern blood and southern soul of Stucky. Betrayed by the minions of abolitionism, she bought and sold, and chained like Samson, she sleeping, her strength has been lost to our cause.

other gallant sons, stand responsible for the good  
of their State, when circumstances permit that  
to clear her record.

Missouri bleeds and writhes like a struggling giant.  
Hated to the abolition robber is more keenly in-  
flicted than that of South Carolina, because she has suf-

more. Her sons sleep on the bloody fields of one; in Missouri, in Arkansas, in Mississippi—where the lurid fires of battle have burned, there sleep sons of Missouri. Long they guarded the gate to valley and withstood the advance of the foe; now fight the battles of the Confederacy on the soil of

es! We battle for the South—the whole South—  
all we ask is the boon of independent use, and that we  
ask kindly of each other!—*Exchange Paper.*

called to the chair, and B C Barden was requested to act as secretary. John L Barden, Lt. A. H. W. Perry, G. Williams, H. W. Dixon, and Corporal Herring, were named a Committee to draft resolutions, who, after a short time, reported the following:

his amiability and sweet disposition; his youth and  
braving spirits; his manliness; an true soldierly qualities  
endear him to his companions in arms, and re-  
duced keener the pangs of sorrow for his loss.

*Re soltd.* That his loss to us and the service is great,  
to his parents and kindred it is irreparable, and we ex-  
tend to them our heartfelt condolence in this their hour of

None know thee but to love thee :  
None named thee but to praise."

be family of the deceased; also to the Wilmington Journal and Biblical Recorder, with the request that they publish the same.

LT. C. W. McCLAHAM, Jr., Chap.

C. C. BARDEN, Sec'y.

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THE "RETREIBUTION" ALIAS "GIG".—We have before us a rate letter written on board the above vessel, Nov. 23d.

The names of the officers are Captain John Parker, 1st officer; C. Carroll Hicks, 2nd officer; G. Hay, 3d officer; Price, Ordnance officer; W. W. Gray, Purser; J. G.

**MARRIED.**

in Pittsylvania Co., Va., on the 25<sup>th</sup> of November, 1882,  
the residence of the bride's father, Mr. ROGER P. AT-  
KINSON, of Richmond Co., N. C., to Miss ELIZA T.

**DIED.**  
 n Raleigh, on the 24th Nov., of Consumption, LEWIS  
 MONTAGUE, aged 43 years.  
 In Memoriam.

er, CYRUS STOW VANAMERINGE, aged 26 years, 3 months and 21 days of all the hosts of victims swept away by the terrible surge that devastated Wilmington during the past memorable season, death found no lovelier mark than the subject of this obituary.

"Not like the quarry slave at night,  
 "Scourged to his dungeon, but sustained and soothed  
 "By an unfaltering trust, approached his grave,  
 "Like one that draws the drape of his couch

In Wilmington, on the 13th of October, of yellow fever,  
 CHARLES W. MORRIS, aged 27 years and 9 months.  
 A noble spirit has departed in the great pestilence  
 which so lately raged in this city the deceased was un-  
 tiring in his efforts to help those afflicted with the disease;  
 visiting their bedside and tenderly nursing and attending

icked down by the dreadful lady to which he felt a  
 rry. Kind generous and good to a fault, he was be-  
 red by all - he knew him, and it can be truly said of him  
 as he was more of a friend to others than he was to him-  
 self. His death will be sadly mourned by his many friends,  
 and the bereaved home circle, of which he was the pride,  
 and been rendered sorrowful.

G.

1942-1943













